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THE CHARMS OF THE FAIR;

OR,

DALLINGS WITH THE GIRL WE LOVE.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

By the Author of

"SUSIE KNIGHT."

PART THIRD.

I.
A married woman formed the big society—
told the truth, she had been often wed;
married pleasures she had found satiety;
her husbands were divorced, and one was dead.
Thus, I think, from having such variety
of men, it was she got it in her head
that she could love all classes 'twould be pleasant—
though of her, however, for the present.

II.
A California widow followed in,
lupulous she was and very pretty;
being young she thought it not a sin
to show the men that she was smart and witty.
An outraged husband ought to leave his tin,
to form an institution in our city,
where men could put their frail wives under cover,
and keep them safe from every other lover.

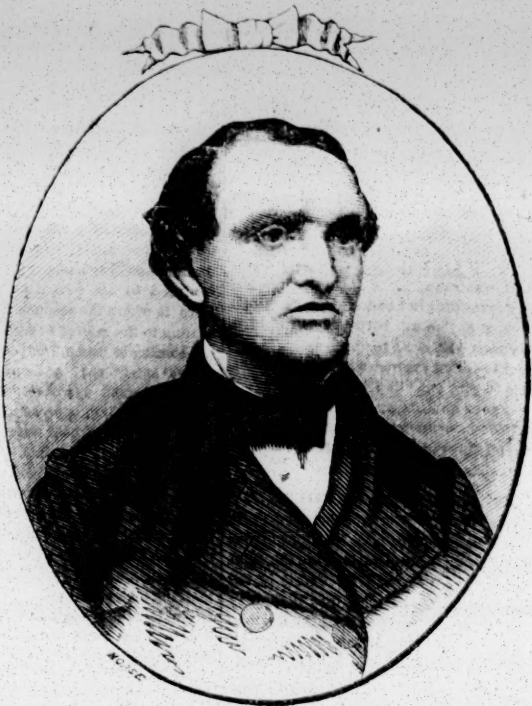
III.
She came a rather youthful, brown-eyed maiden,
whose mind was strong, whose thoughts were somewhat
free;
who supposed that all her dreams of Aïda
could be fulfilled in our Society.
Thought the world was with perfection laden,
and so she came to us; but found that we
did not be classed exactly with the saint—
fancy often too bright pictures paints.

IV.
There was a hatchet-faced and cross-grained dame,
old or maid—I'm sure I do not know,
a thirsty longing after Fame,
had been nursed for forty years or so;
saw a chance to make her name
or she thought so: Fame would blow
through his brazen trumpet—
to have been a—

V.
She, of twenty
and dark,

Yes,
he:

rise,
last.



SAMUEL W. GLENN.

COMEDIAN.

For Biographical Sketch, see another Column.

THE WHITE PHANTOM;

OR,

HOUSEHOLD TREASON.

A STORY OF LAND AND SEA.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SECRET CONCLAVE," &c.

CHAPTER II.

THE LONELY PEDSTRIANS—RALPH LOCKWOOD ON THE SEARCH—
DR. WARTON—THE ANTICIPATED FEE—UNPLEASANT REMINIS-
CENCES—THE THREE POISONS—THE BARGAIN—THE ACCIDENT—
RALPH LOCKWOOD AT HOME—THE INVALID—THE CRIME DE-
FERRED.

The night of the 25th of January, 1864, a week after the events
related in the last chapter, was a dreadful one. The rain fell in
torrents, and the wind blew with terrific violence. There were
but few pedestrians in the street. Large pools of water collected
in the middle of the road; even the pavements, for the time be-
ing, were transformed into running streams. The northeast
wind went howling and roaring round the corners of the street,
as if delighted with the discomfort it occasioned.

It was on this night that a man might have been seen walking
hastily along Broadway. He was tall, powerfully built, and
pressed rapidly forward without stop—his eyes fixed on the
ground, and his hands thrust into his pockets.

But how pale you look, man! Sit down, I want to have some
important conversation with you."

Doctor Warton, at this invitation, sat down again and Lock-
wood followed his example. It was very evident that the visit
of the latter was by no means an agreeable one to the physician,
for it was in vain that he tried to recover his presence of mind;
his trembling hands and pale face too plainly showed the emotion
he felt.

"John Warton," said Lockwood, speaking very slowly and
distinctly, "thirty years ago you and I were medical students
together at the Medical College in this city."

"Yes, yes," replied Warton in a trembling voice; "but why
refer to that time?"

"I have no doubt the souvenir is an unpleasant one for you,
but it is necessary that I should recall past events to your
mind. While at college we had a mutual friend, George Cormack.
You and he both took it into your heads to fall in love with the
same girl, and strange to say she preferred him to you. You
were madly jealous and—"

"Yes, yes," repeated the physician; "you need not refer to
the matter any further, I remember the whole affair perfectly
well."

"You slew him," continued Lockwood without paying the
slightest heed to the interruption. "You secreted yourself in
his chamber, and in the middle of the night you stabbed him to
the heart. You had scarcely committed the deed when I en-
tered the chamber and found you with your hands covered with
the blood of your victim, and with the murderous weapon still
in your—"

most skilful chemist to discover a trace of it in the body's
death."

Lockwood removed the cork which had a red seal on the top of
it and smelled the contents.

"It seems to be perfectly innocuous," said he; "but how do I
know that what you tell me of its properties is true?"

"We will test it," replied the doctor. And he took a single
crystal from the phial and put it into a wineglass containing
about a teaspoonful of water. It was dissolved in a moment
leaving the water as clear as before.

"You see it is exceedingly soluble," said he—"now to prove
its effects."

A cat was lying asleep on the hearth before the fire. Dr. War-
ton called it and it jumped on his knee. He forced open the cat's
mouth and poured the contents of the glass down its throat.
The liquid, however, had scarcely touched the cat's tongue be-
fore it gave a single struggle and was dead!

"Yes! I see it possesses the qualities you ascribe to it," said
Lockwood. "But what do these other bottles contain?"

"This one," said Warton, taking the other bottle containing
the white crystals, the cork of which was sealed with green wax,
"contains a very curious chemical. It is the active property of
the *conium indicum*, and has a most extraordinary effect on the
nervous system; a single grain given to a person produces simul-

lated death. Its action is to immediately suspend the nervous
functions. The person is to all appearances dead; but, strange
to say, the effect is only temporary. The patient remains for
three or four days in a state of coma; then the effects of the
medicine disappears, and life is slowly re-established; the per-
son who has taken the drug rising from his couch as well as ever
he was in his life."

"A very strange medicine, truly! and what are the properties
of these rose-colored crystals?" queried Lockwood, taking up
the third bottle.

"That salt is a slow poison," replied Dr. Warton. "It is also
extracted from a vegetable, and I defy the most skilful chemist
to detect its presence!"

"A slow poison, you say—what do you mean by that term?"
"I mean that a single grain given every evening produces the
symptoms of consumption, and in three months the patient will
die."

"Are the symptoms produced of a nature to deceive phy-
sicians?"

"Nine out of ten would be deceived by them. Cough, hectic
fever, and wasting of the flesh are all produced. Of course, if a
physical examination is made of the lungs, it would be found
that no disease exists."

"Very well, doctor," said Lockwood, "now listen to my propo-
sition. I will give you the paper I held for those three bottles
and their contents?"

Dr. Warton looked his visitor earnestly in the face. He ap-
peared to be undecided for a moment or two what reply to make.

"You will not implicate me in the use you intend to make of
these preparations?" said he with a decidedly questioning in-
tonation of voice.

"How can I implicate you? and what right have you to sup-
pose that I intend to make a bad use of them? I wish them
merely for scientific purposes."

"Under these circumstances I consent to your proposition.
Take the phials and give me the paper."

Lockwood drew from his pocketbook a paper, yellow with age,
folded in the form of a letter, which he handed to the physician.

The latter eagerly perused it and then threw it into the fire,
where in a moment it was reduced to ashes. The visitor placed
the thin little phials in his vest pocket and, bidding the physi-
cian good night, quitted the house.

When he reached the outside of the dwelling he found the
storm raging more violently than ever. The rain descended in
a perfect deluge, and the wind dashed the large drops in his
face. The almost leafless trees lining the streets bent their
branches to the tornado, and moaned as if in agony. Signs
croaked as they were swung backwards and forwards by the un-
ruly wind, and shutters were dashed to and fro.

Lockwood bent his head to the blast, which seemed now to
blow from every point of the compass, and directed his steps to-
wards Broadway. As soon as he reached that thoroughfare he
directed his steps up town. When he arrived at the corner of
Broome street he found the crossing to be a flowing mass of wa-
ter. He paused a moment, as if deliberating in his mind whether
he should venture through it, or avoid it by taking a circuitous
route. But at last he determined to run the risk of wetting his
feet, and began to pick his way through the water. When about
half way through he struck his foot against a large stone and
stumbled forward; he regained his footing, however, without
falling, but one of the phials fell from his vest pocket, and com-
ing in contact with the pavement it was shattered into a thou-
sand pieces, and the contents were immediately dissolved by the
water.

"Confusion!" he cried; "there is one of my treasures gone.
Which can it be?"

But then
You ex-
Where was
Would so
Although the
Displayed, I
With sleeves r-
arms—
It made me think o-

XIII.

But by and by we sat us down to tea
A crackling hard-wood fire to have a chat;
The welcome blaze November's winds defied,
And all were talkative and jolly at
Our first experience; but I espied
The widow looking towards me, and at that
I changed my seat and took one nearer to her,
Whereas she didn't much object, I'm sure.

XIV.

'Twas Swedenborg who caught a glimpse of I
Or thought he did—perhaps when drunk—
Such view as that to me was never given.
But when a pretty woman's dark orbs at
With sweetest love, I ask not for the seven
Abodes of bliss, for only one I pine.
I'll worship that as Pagan their divinity
And seek no other for my own affinity.

XV.

She yawned and said she guessed she
But I suggested that the night was
Therefore proposed to build a little
Up in her room. Another fellow
Her he would do it. Sailing down
I started off; the widow didn't
But followed on, remarking, as I
This was the pleasantest hour sh-

TO BE CONTINUED

A SWEETING CHALLENGE FROM
Prints neither left money or apple
thereby evidencing a desire to share
will run any man in America a race
\$2500 a side at any time these w-
Whoever accepts this is expect
Mill Boy is now domiciled at
the Tavern (N. J.) Lane Trav-

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THE STORY AS TOLD BY THE LONDON THUNDERER.

Both are quick up to the call of "Time," punctually adhered to on either side, and the half is broken through for both men are strenuous fighters and at once rush on his antagonist; and their "exchanges" in the parlance of the ring—men hit each other with such authority, all the points of species of barter being on the part of the victor, the close, when King is thrown in a heap on the mat before the time allotted is run out both are ready American forcing the fighting, and giving King the fall. The blows are nothing in the rounds yet, the man was strong, in which the victor, King does not seem to suffer more than his quick assailant. Yet some thought to be losing, and sundry flat-headed men would think of trusting out of handouts, and King also

[illegible]

THE KING:
BATTLING MILK BETWEEN JOE GOSS AND IKE BAKER.

parried it, but, slipping, could not stop Go's rush, and a s
bang rally was concluded by Baker turning his back to Joe
made an attempt to grasp his man, but, missing, they separ
and fell several feet apart.

atch. ing held at the stakeholder's, on Tuesday evening, and debate, it transpired that Probert had been "pinched" - 52

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEGRO MINSTRELS

Continued from Page 307.
